

# The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888.

NUMBER 450.

## DIRECTORIES.

### RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

**Baptist.**  
Washenaw Association.  
Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—  
Rev. J. C. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon; prayer meeting Tuesday evening, 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting Thursday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Congregational.**  
Jackson Association.  
Church on Adams, corner of Emmet—  
Pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Methodist Episcopal.**  
Detroit District—Detroit Conference.  
Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis—  
Rev. J. V. Vining, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Presbyterian.**  
Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.  
Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet—  
Rev. W. A. McKim, D. D., pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Protestant Episcopal.**  
St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. rectory. Service at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.  
**Roman Catholic.**  
Diocese of Michigan.  
St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—  
Rev. Wm. Debever, pastor. First mass at 8 o'clock; Sunday morning, second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.  
**Evangelical Lutheran (German).**  
Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—  
Rev. M. Klonke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.  
**African Methodist Episcopal.**  
Church on Buffalo street, corner of Adams—  
Rev. J. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.**  
Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Ida E. Shaw, president; Maggie Adair, secretary.  
**Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.**  
Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. D'Ooge, president; Miss Lettie Denmore, secretary.

### FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

**Masonic.**  
Phoenix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.  
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet last Thursday in each month, in Masonic Block. A. S. Turlah, H. P. C.; C. D. Wilcox, Sec.  
Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turlah, H. P. C.; C. D. Wilcox, Sec.  
Union Council, No. 10, R. A. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephenson, T. L.; W. L. Pack, Sec.  
**Odd Fellows' Hall, No. 10, O. F. & M.**—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Monday evening. F. M. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Forster, Sec.  
**GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.**  
Carpenter Post, No. 180—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Wednesdays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; C. D. Wilcox, Adj.  
**ROYAL TEMPLARS.**  
Ypsilanti Council, No. 47—Meet first and third Mondays in each month, in Good Templar Hall. Mrs. Mary Whipple, S. C.; W. H. Hall, Sec. Sec.; C. F. Comstock, C. C.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Tuesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. H. Neuman C. T.; Miss Lettie Wilkinson, Sec.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Joseph Spurr, Patriarch; Miss Steffe, Scribe.

### PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

### UNITED WORKMEN.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; Math. Stein, F.

### KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesdays of each month. J. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Howland, F. R.; Wm. Judd, Rep.

### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Agis Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Leonard, Regent; F. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

### KNIGHTS OF THE MACABEES.

Volunteer Troupe, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.

### CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

John's Branch, St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.

### PRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.

Ypsilanti Reading, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Wednesdays in each month. H. B. Barmen, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, W. Rec.; H. D. Wells, Col.

### MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).

Meet every Wednesday evening, at hall on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Elijah Adis, Sec.

### COLORED SABBATHS AND DAUGHTERS OF SABBATH.

Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

### ATTORNEYS.

**D. C. CHIFFEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
Huron Lodge, corner of Adams and Michigan streets, No. 2 South Huron Street.  
**J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.  
**F. HINKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
Real Estate Exchange. Liable Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.  
**F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

### PHYSICIANS.

**A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFFICE,** corner Cross and Adams Streets.  
**F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,** first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron street, Ypsilanti.  
**MRS. FLORA E. RICH, M. D.—RESIDENCE** and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.  
**F. C. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** Office, corner of Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.  
**D. R. KNOCKEBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.  
**E. PRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN** and Surgeon, office and residence on Washington street, opposite Baptist Church.  
**A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST,** Washington Street, near Michigan, Ypsilanti.  
**D. R. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,** office and residence corner Huron and Ellis streets, Swift place. Telephone No. 45.  
**C. W. MEAD, M. D., D. S., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE** on Washington Street, near Forest Avenue, in what is known as the Saylor residence.  
**THOMAS SHAW, PRACTITIONER OF MEDICINE,** Surgery and Gynecology, No. 35 Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE, NOTARY PUBLIC** and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.  
**L. OUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN** Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag-walks, etc. Washington street.

## RAILROAD TIME-TABLES.

### MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

STATIONS.		GOING EAST.									
		No. 4	2	6	10	12	14	16	18	20	22
Chicago	Am	5:00	pm	9:00	pm	10:10	pm	11:10	pm	12:10	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	10:30	pm	1:35	pm	6:58	pm	3:35	pm	7:10	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	10:45	pm	4:45	pm	8:45	pm
Jackson	Am	3:20	pm	7:20	pm	11:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	4:30	pm	8:30	pm	12:30	pm	6:30	pm	10:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	3:00	pm	7:00	pm	11:00	pm	5:00	pm	9:00	pm
Detroit	Am	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	6:10	pm	10:10	pm
West Detroit	Am	4:00	pm	8:00	pm	12:00	pm	6:00	pm	10:00	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	3:25	pm	7:25	pm	11:25	pm	5:25	pm	9:25	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	4:40	pm	8:40	pm	12:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Buffalo	Am	3:35	pm	7:35	pm	11:35	pm	5:35	pm	9:35	pm

### GOING WEST.

STATIONS.		GOING WEST.									
		No. 11	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19
Chicago	Am	11:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	9:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	3:10	pm	7:10	pm	11:10	pm	5:10	pm	9:10	pm
Jackson	Am	4:20	pm	8:20	pm	12:20	pm	6:20	pm	10:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	6:40	pm	10:40	pm	2:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Detroit	Am	7:50	pm	11:50	pm	3:50	pm	7:50	pm	11:50	pm
West Detroit	Am	7:40	pm	11:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm	11:40	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	6:55	pm	10:55	pm	2:55	pm	6:55	pm	10:55	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm
Buffalo	Am	9:20	pm	1:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm	1:20	pm

\*Sundays excepted. \*Daily. \*Stop on signal. Trains run on Central standard time.  
O. W. ROGERS, Station Agent, Ypsilanti.  
G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago.

### LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

STATIONS.		GOING WEST.									
		No. 1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19
Chicago	Am	11:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	9:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	3:10	pm	7:10	pm	11:10	pm	5:10	pm	9:10	pm
Jackson	Am	4:20	pm	8:20	pm	12:20	pm	6:20	pm	10:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	6:40	pm	10:40	pm	2:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Detroit	Am	7:50	pm	11:50	pm	3:50	pm	7:50	pm	11:50	pm
West Detroit	Am	7:40	pm	11:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm	11:40	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	6:55	pm	10:55	pm	2:55	pm	6:55	pm	10:55	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm
Buffalo	Am	9:20	pm	1:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm	1:20	pm

\*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only. \*Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only. \*Daily except Sunday.

### TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR AND N. M.

STATIONS.		GOING WEST.									
		No. 1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19
Chicago	Am	11:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	9:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	3:10	pm	7:10	pm	11:10	pm	5:10	pm	9:10	pm
Jackson	Am	4:20	pm	8:20	pm	12:20	pm	6:20	pm	10:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	6:40	pm	10:40	pm	2:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Detroit	Am	7:50	pm	11:50	pm	3:50	pm	7:50	pm	11:50	pm
West Detroit	Am	7:40	pm	11:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm	11:40	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	6:55	pm	10:55	pm	2:55	pm	6:55	pm	10:55	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm
Buffalo	Am	9:20	pm	1:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm	1:20	pm

### FLINT AND PERE MARQUETTE.

STATIONS.		GOING WEST.									
		No. 1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19
Chicago	Am	11:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	9:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	3:10	pm	7:10	pm	11:10	pm	5:10	pm	9:10	pm
Jackson	Am	4:20	pm	8:20	pm	12:20	pm	6:20	pm	10:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	6:40	pm	10:40	pm	2:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Detroit	Am	7:50	pm	11:50	pm	3:50	pm	7:50	pm	11:50	pm
West Detroit	Am	7:40	pm	11:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm	11:40	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	6:55	pm	10:55	pm	2:55	pm	6:55	pm	10:55	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm
Buffalo	Am	9:20	pm	1:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm	1:20	pm

### WABASH & WESTERN.

STATIONS.		GOING WEST.									
		No. 1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19
Chicago	Am	11:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm
Kalamazoo	Am	1:40	pm	5:40	pm	9:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm
Grand Rapids	Am	3:10	pm	7:10	pm	11:10	pm	5:10	pm	9:10	pm
Jackson	Am	4:20	pm	8:20	pm	12:20	pm	6:20	pm	10:20	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	5:30	pm	9:30	pm	1:30	pm	5:30	pm	9:30	pm
Ypsilanti	Am	6:40	pm	10:40	pm	2:40	pm	6:40	pm	10:40	pm
Detroit	Am	7:50	pm	11:50	pm	3:50	pm	7:50	pm	11:50	pm
West Detroit	Am	7:40	pm	11:40	pm	3:40	pm	7:40	pm	11:40	pm
Wayne Junction	Am	6:55	pm	10:55	pm	2:55	pm	6:55	pm	10:55	pm
Ann Arbor	Am	8:10	pm	12:10	pm	4:10	pm	8:10	pm	12:10	pm
Buffalo	Am	9:20	pm	1:20	pm	5:20	pm	9:20	pm	1:20	pm

### GOING EAST.

Family Edition, eight pages: Per year, \$1.50; six months, 75c; three months, 40c; one month, 15c; single copies, 5c.	
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## STATE NEWS.

### A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

#### ILLINOIS.

—Many cattle have perished from the heat at Decatur.

—Orlando P. Coven, of Jerseyville, was drowned in Macoupin River.

—Murphy shot and killed a man in a bar for natural gas, water, oil, or mineral.

—St. Clair Nance, a well known farmer, was thrown from a vicious horse and killed at Tuscola.

—Near Rock Island Charles Hill was accidentally shot by Jacob Snider, with whom he was hunting.

—Robert H. Brooks, proprietor of the Marion House at Dubuque, committed suicide by taking morphine.

—The Southern Illinois Soldiers', Sailors' and Marine Association will hold an annual convention at Dubuque Sept. 15-20.

—William Camphouse, of Galesburg, an old resident, and sergeant of Company I, Ninth Illinois Infantry in the late war, was struck and killed by cars.

—At Galesburg Charles Milby and Bancroft were held in \$3,000 bail each on the charge of conspiracy in bringing dynamite into the county. Bail was furnished.

—Mrs. Charles Carter, of Marshall, took a dose of chloroform with suicidal intent. A physician brought her to and she is now all right. No cause is assigned for her rash act.

—John G. Imboden has a herd of twenty-five young native cattle in pasture near Decatur. The cattle were taken from the Southern cattle had grazed there and thus the disease was communicated.

—The Board of Supervisors of Vermillion county have let the contract of bridging the Little Vermilion river at the mouth of the town, to P. E. Lane, of Chicago, for \$6,634. There were thirteen bids.

—George Day, a man about twenty-six years old, was drowned in the coal mine at Lawrenceville. He was working on a scaffold, and fell into about nine feet of water and sank to the bottom, where he remained until fished out.

—Albert M. Field, of Decatur, who shot Florence Kilpatrick because she refused to go to a camp-meeting with him, was arraigned and he waived examination and returned to jail in default of bail. The girl has recovered.

—Joe Johnson, of Danville, was seriously, if not fatally, stabbed by his brother-in-law, James King, in a family quarrel. King received an ugly gash in the head from a brick thrown by Johnson, but not seriously injured.

—At Tolono R. H. Brooks, for several years proprietor of the Marion House, committed suicide by taking twenty-five grains of morphine. He died after stating that he took his life knowingly as he was tired of living with his wife.

—More skeletons have been found in the East Dubuque cellar. In all the remains of ten persons were found. The skeletons are believed of the mysterious disappearance of several men at the place several years ago, when it was a farmer's home.

—The Rev. T. J. Cooper, pastor of the M. E. Church at Danville, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor and drawing blood and shaking his head with a hatchet, but may recover.

—He was in the hospital.

—The twenty-third annual reunion of the One Hundred and Twelfth Regiment, Illinois volunteers will be held at Geneseo Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1888. All the surviving members of the regiment and its relatives and friends of our deceased comrades are earnestly requested to be present.

—The first man convicted under the habitual criminal act was Ennis Daley, who was sentenced to Joliet Dec. 16, 1884, on his second term and given twenty years. Governor Oglesby commuted Daley's sentence, so that he will be discharged on Christmas Day, 1889, after having served five years and eight days.

—V. L. Hayes, secretary of the Vermillion County Fair, to be held in Danville the first week in September, has received assurances that Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, will be present, and Governor St. John will be present and address the public on different days during the fair to the knowledge of the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition days.

—The Live Stock Commissioners, at their regular meeting at Springfield, received information of the probable existence of Texas fever in the form of a circular from Dr. Bright, one at Ellington, one at Mattoon, and one at Neoga. The Bright case has been investigated and found to be Texas fever. The other cases are being investigated.

—At Tuscola William Tanner, Frank Robinson and Thomas Hadden became involved in a quarrel at Arcola, in which knives were used with terrible effect. Palmer was fatally shot about the head, and Robinson was lying at the point of death. Robinson and Hadden were locked in jail to await trial. All three were farm hands in search of work.

—The Clear Creek Baptist Association, composed of the churches in the counties of Union, Jackson, Pulaski, Alexander and part of Johnson, will hold its fifty-fifth annual meeting at Benton, Mo., near Lake Mulligan, Alexander County, commencing Aug. 10 and continuing three days. Preparations are being made for the meeting and many prominent divines will be present. This is one of the oldest and most prosperous associations in the state, having a membership of about four thousand.

—The village of Sidney is in a state of intense excitement over the discovery of a series of crimes committed by James Freeman, a married man over seventy years old, who has accomplished the ruin of some twelve or thirteen young ladies, ranging in age from twelve to sixty years. He was arrested for one offense, gave bonds for \$1,000 and immediately absconded. After his disappearance the other cases came to light. His work has been going on for a year, and some of the most prominent families of the place are grief-stricken over the disgrace of their daughters.

—Mrs. Milligan, living near the fair grounds at Monticello, had a remarkable experience with a snake. She had put some pillows out to sun during the day and a large black snake, four feet long, crawled into them. She went on it all night without discovering the presence of the snake under her head. At times during the night she felt the body of the snake touch her shoulders and arms, and she was so terrified by the arm of the child that she was lying with her. She was horrified upon going to bed to make it up, when she raised up and saw the snake coiled around her neck and under it. The snake was killed. Their breath alone is said to be deadly poison, and Mrs. Milligan and her child had a narrow escape.

#### MICHIGAN.

—Fred Peterson, a miner, was killed by a dynamite at Ishpeming.

—In Crystal Falls, Ole Olson, aged 35 and unmarried, shot himself dead. He was insane.

—They are having quite a siege with foot pads, sandbaggers and petty thieves at Marquette.

—Capt. Clough, of Sault Ste. Marie, killed himself because suffering from incurable cancer.

—William and Hartford McMullen were drowned at Cassville while bathing. William leaves a wife and two children.

—Mrs. Henry Bastian, living near Vicksburg, succeeded by hanging herself to an apple tree in the orchard with a small shawl.

—The German Methodist of Michigan District Central German M. E. Conference will hold their annual camp-meeting at the Lansing Fair Grounds, beginning on Aug. 15 and continuing until the 22nd.

—A Port Huron woman who had a strong arm and was intoxicated, kept two police men at bay behind a woodpile for nearly an hour, and then she let them go. They did not arrest her.

—An effort will be made to have all the living Northern War Governors meet at the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, Ohio, in September. Michigan's war executive, Austin Blair, of Jackson, will be there.

—Henry Pfeiffer, an old soldier, who was wounded in the head at the storming of Fort Donelson, was arrested at Grand Rapids a

### PITH AND POINT.

Jay Gould does not sleep. Usually it has been the other fellow.—*Providence Journal.*

If the early cucumber is ever cramped for space it makes its wants felt.—*Georgia Cracker.*

A man with six marriageable daughters says that his house is a regular court house every Sunday night.—*Boston Post.*

Citizen (to stranger): "What are your politics, my friend?" Stranger: "I have no politics this way; I'm leader of a brass band."—*New York Sun.*

"Silence is the severest criticism," but men have been known to be willing that their wives should criticize their faults that way.—*Somerville Journal.*

Five dollars for a round-trip ticket between Chicago and New York for Pittsburg's reputation as a religious, moral, law-abiding community.—*Pittsburg Press.*

A young woman in Lincoln, Neb., has married a man because he had "dreamy eyes." A man with dreamy eyes usually has a dreamy pocketbook.—*Topeka (Kan.) Journal.*

Wife: "You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it." Husband (who hadn't thought of that): "Well,—er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it."—*Life.*

They were seated at the supper table and speaking about the different sorts of fruit; each one had a preference. Little Ruth, who was the last to speak, said: "I like all kinds of fruit but hash."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Speaking of that "singing shad" which was recently heard in the Delaware, if it is brought out on the stage it might adopt the name of a once famous singer, Albany;—*Norristown Herald.*

Heidelper: "Voder's der madder mit main liddle solan?" Davy: "Abe Levy knocked von off mein toot's oot!" Heidelper: "Py chim! you vos always lucky! You gets a toot' out mitout payin' noddings!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Nervous Passenger (on southern railroad): "Conductor, why are you running at such a frightful rate of speed?" Conductor (reassuringly): "There's a rotten bridge, madam, half a mile ahead and we want to get over with as little strain as possible."—*Life.*

"Ah, Clara," said a young surgeon (after clinical hours), as he sank up to his knees, "would that I could gain possession of your heart." "You can, Mr. Sawbones," replied Clara promptly, but blushing; "and without giving me either either."—*New York Sun.*

"I hear you have changed your boarding place?" "Yes; I had to do it. My old place was too luxurious. A dinner of three courses every day was ruining my digestive apparatus." "Three courses? What were they?" "Napkins, ice water, and toothpicks."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Darringer, I have come to ask you to do me a great favor." "What is it, young man?" "You've been married a good many years, haven't you?" "Yes." And three times, if I mistake not?" "Yes." "Well, I am on the point of marrying, and I want you to dissuade me from my purpose."—*Life.*

Brightest and best of all are the young girls who have adopted journalism as a profession. They are clever, alert, full of life and wit. They go about, skimming the cream of experience and giving their papers good stuff indeed. They will make good wives for good editors. There is plenty room and a real welcome in the newspaper offices for the sensible, earnest, ambitious girl who knows what to write and how to write it. You have doubtless heard the story of the girl who was called to a first visit to Mrs. Newcomer, and who asked her what her husband did for a living.

"Oh," said Mrs. Newcomer, "he is a reporter."

"Why, he goes all about town finding out things about people and then he prints it in the newspapers. He earns twenty dollars a week."

"Goodness gracious! Do you mean to tell me that people get paid for that, and I never knew it," screamed Mrs. Gadabout, as she took up her bonnet and rushed off to a newspaper office as fast as she could go.—*Caroline Cole.*

### Girls as Journalists.

From One Point of View.

I was reminded of the old but nevertheless true adage that "Every cloud has a silver lining" as I overheard the following conversation between two women who were standing at the corner of S. 10th and South streets yesterday. One of them was evidently a servant, and she said to the other:

"I see there is craze on the door opposite."

"Yes the lady who lives there lost both her children with diphtheria last night, and I am going over to see what assistance I can render. She has no girl, I believe."

"No, she's got no girl. I came near being caught there myself, but I heard about the children in time."

"Heard they had diphtheria?"

"Oh, they were well enough then. She's a lucky woman. She is, ma'am."

"Lucky, why so?"

"Yes indeed, ma'am, for now she can advertise that she's got no children and she can get a good girl in a minute."—*Philadelphia News.*

### Alone on a Battlefield.

It was an ugly give and take. We could not see the enemy but the whizz and ting of bullets proved that they were not far away.

As the excitement increased one of my men in his haste fired off his ramrod and held up his musket that I might see what he had done. Without thinking I started to the rear, where a short distance away lay a musket.

No sooner had I left touching distance of my company than an irresistible sense of loneliness and dread so gripped me. Every step made the sensation more acute. Soon I was practically panic stricken. Somehow, however, I got the ramrod of the useless musket and went back to the line on the run.

With the return came assurance and courage. I never felt more alone or helpless than in those few moments of isolation. The air seemed full of hissing, shrieking demons. I was sure that each next moment would bring death.—*Youth's Companion.*

A man may not have a stitch to his back, but still have one in his side.—*Jonkers Statesman.*

### Seventy-sixth Ohio Infantry.

The Seventy-Sixth Ohio Infantry was organized at Newark, Ohio, Feb. 9, 1862. Its colonel was Charles R. Woods, who had been a captain in the Ninth United States Infantry. It was immediately sent forward, and its first experience of fighting was in the attack on Fort Donelson. It was also in the front in the bloody battle of Shiloh. It took part in the advance on Corinth, in June was sent to Memphis, and in July to Helena, Ark. It took part in several raids into the enemy's country, during which it had considerable skirmishing, and in December shared in the unfortunate Yazoo expedition. It was in the expedition against Arkansas Post, and in April moved with Grant's army southward, to execute the flank movement against Vicksburg. At Jackson it made a gallant charge on the enemy's works. Before Vicksburg it did heroic work in the trenches. After the surrender it went with Sherman's army to capture Jackson. In September the regiment went to Memphis, in November was sent to join General Hooker, arriving in time to take part in both the fights on Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. It went into winter quarters at Point Rock, Ala., Jan. 1, and there nearly all of the regiment re-enlisted. The soldiers were then allowed veteran furlough, and in March rejoined the army. It immediately took up the line of march southward with Sheridan, sharing in all the battles of the Atlanta Campaign. After the surrender, the regiment performed provost guard until Jan. 9, when it embarked on gunboats for Beaufort, S. C. From here, after a little delay, it started northward on the "Campaign of the Carolinas." It was at the capture of Columbia, and at the fight at Bentonville, and thence went to Raleigh, where it remained until Johnston's surrender. It went to Washington in May to take part in the grand review, then returned to Columbus, Ohio, and was there discharged July 24, 1865.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

### A Society Buttery.

In Washington "society" they become very gorgeous once in awhile. Just gaze on this costume, the same being the togery worn by the wife of Minister Romero, the Mexican representative at Washington, at a ball recently.

Mrs. Romero wore a French gown of ivory white satin; the bodice was cut high in the back and square in front, and was richly trimmed with crystal bead passementerie, with pearl pendants; exquisite point lace trimmed the neck and filled the elbow sleeves. A side panel on the trained skirt was of net with the meshes finely wrought in gold thread, and embroidered with silk crystals and milk-white beads, and having large pendants of pearls over the satin plaiting at the foot. The back fell in a long, full train.

### Short Hand and Type Writing.

Of the many inventions of this century, perhaps there is none that aids the business man more, or opens a larger field of labor for young people than Short-hand and Type-writing. The work is light, hours short, and pay ample. Of the many institutions for instructing in these branches, the largest known is the Metropolitan Business College, 79 Madison Street, Chicago. The system taught is modern, instruction individual, term short, and the great advantage in attending this institution is evident from the fact that several hundred students are annually placed in paying positions.

### Quickest Courtship on Record.

Philadelphia Times: A certain young lady went out last Wednesday morning to make some calls. On her way she met a friend who suggested that she should go to the matinee with him. She accepted the invitation and he bought the tickets. At the end of the first act he proposed to her. She refused, thinking he was only joking. When the curtain went down for the second act he renewed the proposal, and so earnestly that she asked time to consider it, which was willingly granted. No sooner was the third act finished than she softly murmured, "Yes." After the matinee was over the engaged couple bailed a passing street car and crossed to Camden, where they were married. The whole occupied three hours and fifty minutes.

Milan straw and French chip are very fashionable, but Neapolitan is seen again after many years retirement and fancy braids of all kinds appear in hats and bonnets.

The open V-shaped bodies of summer evening toilets are, in many cases, completed by a guimpe of silk illusion shirred to a velvet dog collar.

Women as Homesteaders in the West.

It is very common to find a lone and unprotected female "holding down a claim," as the western phrase runs. The women of the east would look aglance at the prospect of living alone in a sod house for six months, miles from the nearest neighbor. Yet experience proves that the "unprotected" is much safer out on the lonely prairie than she would be in New York City. I never heard nor read of a woman on a homestead receiving an insult at the hands of anybody. To be sure, they are always armed and know how to handle a pistol, but they rarely have a more deadly use for it than the killing of a jack-rabbit or a prairie-dog. Such women complain more of loneliness than of fear. For whatever charms solitude may have for the sage, it certainly has none for the fair sex, not even our hardy western representatives of it. Here is one of their ingenious ways of avoiding it. Two of them will locate on adjoining quarters, and build their houses on the dividing line; so that while each house is on its own property, the two structures are practically one, affording frequent opportunities for the ladies to call on each other and discuss social topics. They are all provided with ponies, and think nothing of a horseback ride of fifteen or twenty miles, either for business or pleasure.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The time a man most needs a vacation is just after he returns from one.—*Hotel Mail.*

### GO HEAL THYSELF

#### In the Waters of West Baden and French Lick Springs.

These springs are located in Orange county, Indiana, 80 miles northwest from Louisville on the O. & W. B. & F. L. S. Branch of the Monon Route—Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway.

No spring on this continent, as yet analyzed, afforded more than a fourth part of the quality of sulphureted hydrogen, and very few in any part of the world even approach them in the medicinal value of their waters.

All these waters have about the same general medicinal effect. They are alterative and tonic when moderately used; in larger quantities are powerful eliminators, acting upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, without, however, producing the irritating effect which this class of agents usually induces when prescribed by means of pharmacy, less perfect than Nature. They are especially adapted to the treatment of diseases of the skin, dyspepsia, constipation, chronic inflammation of the various mucous surfaces, scrofula, rheumatism, all specific diseases; and, in fine, may be very beneficially used in all chronic affections where a tonic and alterative effect is desired.

To the invalid the many cures effected by the proper use of these waters for the last thirty years give the strongest assurance of their medicinal value.

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### "The City of Destiny."

Washington Territory, with its magnificent climate—no blizzards, cyclones, or thunderstorms—great forests, diversified mineral wealth, water power, fisheries, rich soil, and opportunities in farming, stock raising, fruit raising, gardening, etc., is attracting a tide of settlement. Tacoma, the railway center and seat of the Territory, the entrepot of Asia and Alaska trade, offers fine chances for homes and investments. For particulars, address Kennedy & Wheeler, Tacoma, W. T.

A Chautauque branch of the Kings' Daughters has been formed.

Firs.—All Firs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Firs after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Washington is trying the graphophone as a society amusement.

### All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good tonic on treatments of the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health two years ago was poor. I was run down by overwork and consumption. I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, took five bottles of it, and to-day I can do as hard a day's work as I ever could. It saved me from the grave and put me on my feet a sound, healthy man." Will R. D. Tibbey, 144 East Main Street, Wigginsville, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Lives at home and makes more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly cure. PARK, Texas FREE. Address, TULSA & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. F. L. FOND, M.D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

CAMPAIN UNIFORMS, TORCHES, FLAGS, and large Illustrated Catalogue FREE. G. F. FOSTER, SON & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 175 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

HOMES Nebraska Lands, \$5 to \$9 per acre. Good homes for Farmers. Free investment for capitalists. Long time, easy payments. For particulars, Low Rate, Excursion Dates, etc. W. H. MILLER, 211 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.

O'Hara's REMEDY—Prepared only by O'Hara & Son, 150 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. 25c per bottle. Send for full particulars.

ASTHMA—Prepared only by O'Hara & Son, 150 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. 25c per bottle. Send for full particulars.

WHIPS. Best in the world. Ask your dealer for them. Address, O'Hara & Son, 150 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 a month made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give the best of service. For particulars, send for circular. W. H. MILLER, 211 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.

Blade Jack Knife as cut. 20c per dozen. Send for full particulars. Send for full particulars. Send for full particulars.

GLEK! Wonderful discovery from the seeds of a plant. The richest blood food known. Positive, permanent cure of all diseases of the blood. Sent free on receipt of price. GLEK CO., 31 N. State St., Chicago.

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER! CERTAIN DEATH. No hunting with powder and gun for squirrels only to stupefy them. No lingering death on the stick. DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER. FRED K. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

KILLED OUTRIGHT. No hunting with powder and gun for squirrels only to stupefy them. No lingering death on the stick. DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER. FRED K. DUTCHER, St. Alb















## FOR THE LADIES.

### Not Who Patronize—Not the Weaker Sex—Evening on the Farm—Items, Etc.

#### Evening on the Farm.

When deepening twilight hides the landscape dim,  
And restful sounds proclaim the close of day,  
Home from the fields the farmer drives his team,  
And counts his finished labors by the way,  
Behind him, on the meadows cool and deep,  
The evening mist have gathered, and he hears  
The voices from the ponds that pipe to sleep,  
And crickets shrilling on the drowsy meads.

Afar, the lusty lowing of the kine,  
Vexed by the busy herds, fills the air,  
Yonder they wend, a ruddy, waving line,  
Impatient of their shaggy driver's care.

From the dairy now, with pails in hand,  
And lightsome step, the buxom lassies hie;  
The watchful cows with dripping udders stand,  
And wait their turn meek-eyed and patiently.

Meanwhile, soft whinnings from the dusky stall,  
Proclaim the farmer's late return. He strows  
The bright, clean straw, and ministers to all  
The wants of God's dumb creatures ere he goes.

Within, the housewife spreads the evening meal;  
From hearth to board, how busily she hies!  
While fragrant vapors from the dishes steal,  
And children stand around with wistful eyes.

Now all is finished, and the welcome horn  
Startles the night with loud, insistent bray;  
Far o'er the vale the lengthening sound is borne,  
And blows, without an echo, dies away.

In from the milking come the merry maids;  
The youths from various tasks turn willingly;  
All gathered round the board, they bow their heads  
And seek a gracious blessing from on high.

Uncovered now, the savory dishes pour  
Their cloud of incense to the ceiling brown,  
While soft night airs steal through the open door  
And toss the candle flame—now up—now down.

O happy scene, removed from every care,  
God's benison, like evening dew, be on thee!  
Long thou shalt dwell with me, a picture fair,  
Till Heaven's brighter vision dawns upon me.

—[Good Housekeeping.]

#### Ladies Who Patronize.

The ladies who allow their names to be used in the list of patronesses to worthy objects are set down so often that they must have some difficulty in keeping run of the things to which they lend the weight of their names. There is always danger that the influence of a person's name may be somewhat diminished by a too frequent appearance in this capacity, as faintly appears from a conversation overheard the other day.

"I see Banghard is going to give a concert," a man remarked at the club.

"Yes," replied another, "I saw a circular with a long list of patronesses."

"Same set as usual, I suppose?"

"O, yes; you could tell 'em all with your eyes shut. I dare say he never asked half of 'em. They are on so many things that they never will know."

"But what about their going?"

"Going? My dear boy, they never go; they patronize."

"Ah," the other murmured softly.

"In the words of the immortal Carroll:

"In charity meetings it stands at the door  
And collects—but it does not subscribe."

—Boston Courier.

#### "Spoiling the Carpet."

An amusing illustration of the strength of involuntary impulses was recently afforded by the visit of burglars to the home of a certain well-known official of New York, who lives just outside of the district limits, in this country. About 3 o'clock in the morning he and his wife were suddenly aroused by the appearance in their bedroom of three masked men. Two of them stood at the head of the bed, and with revolvers cocked and pointed at the temples of the bedfellows, ordered them to lie still and save their lives by so doing. They complied with the request while the third ruffian began to explore the room. His bull's-eye lantern being awkward he took a candle from the bureau and lighting it began to ransack closets, drawers, boxes, and bureaus in the room. While so engaged he carelessly let the paraffin taper drop in swift succession hot drops all over the floor. The housewife, though bound to the pillow by the muzzle of a revolver, could not restrain her impulses despite the blood-curdling threat of the burglar at her side. She half rose in bed and cried out:

"Shame on you, don't you see that you are spoiling my carpet?"

An unintelligible grunt was the only answer.

"Now, look here, you villain," again cried out the housewife, "I want you to stop spilling grease all over my carpet."

The startled thief, who could not have heard her first command, turned around and met her blazing eyes.

"Yes, m'm, I will do it, seen't as how we can't take it with us," he gently remarked.

The sounders at the bedside only chuckled. At that moment an alarm clock set up its merrily ringing servant upstairs. The thieves became suspicious at once. They snuffed out the candle and threw a big bag containing their plunder over their shoulders, closed the door behind them, and stole down the stairs, out of the front gate, and decamped.

And then it was that the good housewife fainted.—New York Tribune.

#### A Severe Old Lady.

A severe old lady who always had her doubts about the wisdom and lawfulness of allowing a violin in a church, summoned her energy for a final assault against that profane instrument. She notified many of the congregation, of course imparting the information of her intention to her own partisans first, that she had ascertained certain facts that ought to be placed before the parish.

For some time she declined to be

more explicit, but finally, on being urged, she said, in a tone of one making an unanswerable argument: "The truth is—and I've found it out, and I know what I'm talking about, and I'm going to tell it right out at the next parish meeting—I don't care whether he likes it or not—that Mark Henry plays the same violin in church that he plays at the dances at the tavern over at York. Now, I think that the church is not a place for a violin anyway, any violin, but it does seem to me dreadfully light-minded, not to say wicked, to have the same identical violin played in church that's been played in a tavern the week before." Her hearers agreed that it really was dreadful, but that same identical violin was played there until the next musical part of the congregation in the excitement following one of their victories committed the parish to the purchase of a cabinet organ.—Boston Transcript.

#### A Woman's Hand-Bag.

"What do you carry in that bag?" said the big man to the business woman, pointing to the little black hand-bag that is her inseparable companion. "I'll show you," said she; and then she took out two handkerchiefs, one for use and one for show, a lead pencil with the point broken, a stick of gum, unchewed; a lump of gum, chewed; George William Curtis' editorial on Matthew Arnold's death, cut out of Harper's Weekly; three keys that don't fit anything in particular; one latch key that does fit; a Bond street library card, three Daily telegraph cards, a tiny box of face powder, three capsules of quinine, five visiting cards, seven letters, five from one man; spring suits cut out of the Sunday paper, a season ticket to the American Art association's prize exhibition, an unposted letter to her mother, three rubber bands, three postal cards, a shoe button, dentist's appointment card, four hairpins, an unpolished moss agate, coral brooch with the pin broken off, half a mustard leaf, a piece of paper with quotations from Mme. Blavatsky on theosophy written on it, a sample of yellow ribbon to be matched, a card photograph of another girl, and a purse containing one 3-cent piece and a postage stamp.—New York Graphic.

#### A Model's Romance.

The artists say it is almost impossible to get beautiful female models. There is a romantic story told of a wealthy young artist who advertised for a model, naming a high price; scores of women came, among them a woman who wore a mask when she posed for him. She was absolutely perfect, so he engaged her and painted a picture of her that made him famous. He never saw her face. Some years afterward he met a beautiful girl living with an invalid mother in Venice. He wooed her and they became engaged. One night she fainted, and he, in loosening the throat of her gown, discovered on her neck a little dark mark he remembered seeing on the throat of his beautiful model. He told her of it and she confessed. Her mother had met with reverses, was ill, and they were in desperate want. She could not leave her long enough to work all day. She saw his advertisement and answered it. Soon after that a relative left them enough property to live abroad comfortably. Of course, he loved her all the more, etc. If this wasn't a newspaper story the girl would have probably had a pug nose and freckles.—New York Letter.

#### A Sad Sea Song.

A sailor man sailed over the sea  
When the billows were soft and low,  
And the winds a ballad of ocean glee  
Sang sweetly in gentle flow.

A sailor wife sat out on the shore  
And dreamed of a ship on the deep,  
For her sailor man she saw no more,  
But he slept in a sound, sound sleep.

The sailor sailed away and away,  
Where the surges were fierce and wild,  
And was lost at the end of a stormy day  
To his wife and little child.

The winds were sad and the waves were weep,  
And the sea sang a story of life,  
A lullaby to the sailor child,  
A wail to the sailor wife.

—David Graham Ades.

#### A Woman's Rights Girl.

An 18-year-old Blue-hill girl, whose nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile distant, kept house for her father and mother to make a visit, a while ago, staid all alone day and night, took all the care of a yoke of oxen, a horse, three cows and a hog, a large flock of sheep, and hens and chickens too numerous to mention. At the same time she did the fall spinning and harnessed her own horse to take her butter and eggs to market. Last summer she picked and sold \$25 worth of berries and made pants at 12 cents per pair, enough to clothe herself. So reports the Ellsworth American. This girl does not complain that times are dull and nobody can do anything in this country.—Lewiston Journal.

#### Items.

A California ex-Governor has married his housekeeper and surprised all his friends. The Governor is to be congratulated. Many a man who thought he was marrying a housekeeper merely surprised himself discovering his mistake when it was too late.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A lady at the theatre was suddenly informed that her husband had fallen from his horse and was dangerously hurt. Sobbing and crying she left the house. After passing the door she turned back and said to the box keeper: "Please give me a pass-out check. I had nearly forgotten all about it!"—Basler Arbeiterfreund.

If a Georgia paper may be believed, a woman in that State sat up late in the night recently to see a pair of ice water she had hung above the door overturn on her husband when he returned from the "club." She got tired and went to bed. In the morning she forgot all about the pair until she opened the door to admit her mother. The two women are still as mad as wet hens, and a divorce suit is talked of.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has a popular woman undertaker and embalmer. It was husband's business before he died, after which she took it up and is making money. In cases of death of women and children she is preferred over men. The windows of her business place are not filled with crapes and coffins, but with flowering plants. The mortuary remains can be had for the asking.

## AN ALLEGORY.

In a huge oak tree in a forest grand,  
In the heart of a balmey Southern land,  
A pair of mated lovers dwelt;  
And they cooed and called, and they often sang  
Till the corridors of the old woods rang;  
Their blissful voices seemed to melt  
With all the happiness they felt.

They sang and chirped in their innocent glee,  
Of the peaceful home in the huge oak tree,  
And the tiny ones in the nest,  
Till a glaucous snake crawled up one day  
To where the tender nestling lay,  
A vandal, uninvited guest,  
With terror in his creeping quest.

Oh lightly, wise and consequential mien,  
High up in the tree a gray owl sat serene;  
Set safe upon a sturdy limb  
And saw the anguish of the parent pair,  
With cold and careless, play-barron stare;  
So self-polluted, and stern, and grim,  
His misery is naught to him.

A busy, brown-clad, hardy little bee,  
Among the flowers, underneath the tree,  
Beheld the thrilling scene by chance,  
And rising on his honey-laden wing,  
Drove whizzing at the horrid, lusting thing,  
Till, writhing from the brown bee's lance,  
Death checked the monster's dread advance.

'Tis often thus in human life,  
That lowly ones, in hard, unequal strife,  
Are left to scorn and derision;  
While proud and wise wisdom chooses not to see;  
Or coldly saying, "This is naught to me,"  
Denies a neighbor's woes, until  
An unnumbered legion of ill.

—Will L. Vasher, in Arkansas Traveler.

## Cara's Bravery.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"For whom did you want the house, young lady?"  
"For myself, sir."

Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so young—not more than eighteen, and so pretty—golden-haired and blue-eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to rent Thistle Cottage herself. But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

"The house is in good order, sir."

"It requires a few repairs, only," said the young physician, rather stiffly.

He had begun to think he was throwing his time away.

"And those you will make?"

"If I let the cottage—yes."

The young lady smiled a moment.

"I think I will like it," she said then.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clarke?"

"Yes."

"Do you quite understand the situation?"

"I think I do. The house is thought to be haunted, and the rent is merely nominal to anyone who will live there."

"Yes. But—How are you situated in regard to family my dear young lady?"

"I have the care of two younger brothers—twelve and fourteen years old. I have only a limited income, which I take out by embroidery. I am anxious to get my brothers out of the city and there is a good academy here. I am not afraid of ghosts, with a faint smile. "We shall come."

Her words and manner were so at variance with her delicate beauty—all so petite and yet so self-possessed and dignified. Dr. Leighton's experience in girls did not seem to serve him at all in this emergency. He recollected that his sisters, Maud and Bess, all ways regarded the outer walls of Thistle Cottage with an apprehensive gaze, and could not be persuaded to pass it alone after dark, and here was this girl, no older than they, proposing to live there, with two children!

"You have no parents?"

"No."

"Relatives?"

"None to rely upon. I depend on myself entirely. Dr. Leighton; I am used to it. Would you like to let me have Thistle Cottage?" with a steady glance into the young man's countenance.

"I hesitate only on your account," he hastened to say. "It is no fable that a man was killed there. He was murdered by a son of unsound mind, after a quarrel about money. The estate was owned by my father. It is now mine. It long ago fell into ill-repute on account of the murder, but it is a very pretty place and has been kept in repair. They walk over it with you again and make any changes you may find desirable," thus tacitly consenting to the young lady's proposal.

What her words had failed to do, her clear blue eyes had succeeded in accomplishing. They had won the confidence of the owner of the cottage.

"She can but try since she wishes," he said to himself. "I am close by at our house. If she gets frightened out she can come to us."

When they had gone over the house again, the girl asked quite coolly:

"What became of the murderer?"

"He fled from justice—is probably dead. He has never been heard from, and his ghost is said to haunt this spot. If you can prove that it does not, I will give you five years rent here free."

The young girl made no reply, only smiled brightly.

"What a brave little creature!" thought Dr. Leighton.

A week later Caroline Clarke and her brothers were settled at the Thistle Cottage.

Dr. Leighton did not fancy the boys. He told his mother that they were "whelps" that wanted "licking into shape." But when he saw the gentleness and tact used by their sister in managing them, when he saw her patience, her charming smile in encouragement of their simplest well-doing, he was ashamed of his intolerance.

"My father," she hesitated, "did not set his face upon a very fine example. They were much away from home before he died. They will do much better here away from harmful associations," she said.

"That's a good girl—a rare good girl, Lee," said old Mrs. Leighton. "I only wish Maud and Bess had half as much character."

But Cara, as the boys called her, did not trouble her neighbors. She was an exquisite housekeeper; she has a piano—an old one but of mellow tone; she did much work with crewels and flosses. In the evening she assisted her brothers with their studies. They were fond of her under their roughness and selfishness. They shovelled snow, when it came, took care of the poultry—she encouraged them in their wood and water. There was not a brighter little home in the village.

Cara had finished the rooms herself with pretty artistic touches. On the pale buff paper of the sitting room she had painted, here and there, a bunch of red Bergundy roses. She had gilded the cornices and hung before a doorway a crimson curtain. As for

ghosts—when people queried her, she simply answered: "No, I have not seen any."

But perhaps the air of the mountain village did not agree with Cara Clarke, for she grew pale. She was always sweet, but sometimes she had a little worried air. Dr. Leighton asked her if she did not work too hard. "It is not that," she answered. He wondered sometimes, with a secret disquiet, if she had not somewhere a sweetheart who did not write to her. But Cara kept her own counsel.

The fall and winter wore away without bringing any revelation to him of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prospect of a vegetable garden with peas, potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill that the young physician felt called on to expostulate.

"Cara," he said, "I want to speak to you. You must have a change or you will die."

"I shall not," she replied, incredulously.

"Your countenance gives token of unmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Cara, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I am your friend?"

"Oh, yes. It's nothing, only I do not sleep very well."

"Why?"

She made no reply, and seeing that his insistence distressed her, he ceased to urge her confidence at that time, though more certain than ever that she had a painful secret. He was satisfied that she had no organic disease; and her mind seemed to have no morbid tendency. But the colorless cheek, the hollow temples, the listless languor betrayed that something daily and hourly sapped the young girl's strength.

One morning, Willie, the younger boy, rapped at his office door.

"Something's the matter with sister," he said. "We can't wake her up. Won't you come over?"

Dr. Leighton found Cara in a stupor and delirious, with every symptom of brain fever. He lost no time in getting an army nurse, and the village nurse, was at Cara's bedside when she awoke.

Dr. Leighton had just left the room and was in the next apartment. He did not go in immediately, though he heard the girl talking.

"Am I so very sick?" she asked.

"No, dear. You was feverish and your mind wandered a little, and I was out of a sleep and told Dr. Leighton I could stay with you a day or two as well as not for my board. I hadn't forgotten the jackets as Willie out-got that you sent to my Bobbie; and I had feeling for a young girl with no mother's hand in the hour of need."

"Oh," moaned the young girl. "I'm not sick. I'm worn out. Oh, this dreadful house! I have not slept soundly all winter."

"Why, dearie?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hodgdon, there is somebody in this house besides ourselves. Besides me and the boys. I mean. Somebody creeps about and I am always listening for that step. It is killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I did not mean to tell you, but I'm so weak. Don't, don't say a word to Dr. Leighton. I must be able to stay here all the home we have, and the boys never had such a pretty, nice home before, and they are doing so well, and are so good. I was not afraid at first. I am not afraid now, only for them. There may be some evil about, though nothing has ever harmed us. But as soon as I fall asleep I start up and listen."

Cara was begging the old woman not to betray her confidence, when Dr. Leighton came into the room.

"You shall tell me the whole story, Cara," he said. "You shall not lose anything by it," he added.

But Cara broke out, crying, in her weakness giving way to her emotions, and for a time the tumult would have its way. She was brought to listen to reason.

"It was two months after we came here," she said, "that I first heard those creeping, creeping steps. I tried to think it was the trees, or the wind, or the cat, but I heard them when there was no wind at all, and the cat was asleep on the foot of my bed, and then they were moved from their places about the house, and lately I have heard the lightest footstep. The solemn pine forest around them lightens up as they pass, while the pure white snow sparkles like diamonds, and turns into a ruddy hue from the sparks that shower down like a rain of fire."

In spite of the fact that the temperature is just above zero, I am sure all these young Norwegian girls, if they had the slightest acquaintance with American slang, would exclaim when coming home on one of these evenings: "It was just too lovely for anything," but as they do not use slang in Norway, they would simply say: "Nothing is like a Norwegian winter."

Driven by Electricity.

Mr. Magnus Volk, the electrician of the Brighton (England) Electric railway, has applied electricity to propel a dog cart. The current is provided by sixteen accumulators capable of keeping up a supply for six hours. The accumulators are stowed under the seats of the body of the cart. The current works an immense electric motor of one-half horse-power, which is supported by hangers under the body of the cart and drives a countershaft in front by a steel link chain. The right-hand wheel of the cart has a number of blocks on the inside of its rim, and a second steel chain, passing round these blocks from the countershaft, turns the wheel and propels the cart. The cart travels nine miles an hour on asphalt; and with a load of two persons a grade of one in thirty can be surmounted.

Who are the "Dunkers?"

Probably the most curious of all the religious assemblies that held by the Dunkers or Dunkards, in Indiana. It was an immense one, said to number 5,000. The Dunkers are mostly farmers, their homes are chiefly in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. They hold the Baptist doctrine as to immersion, and are very exclusive. Their dress is peculiar, resembling in most particulars that of the Quakers. Their most important thing that this assembly did, regarded from a public point of interest, was their regulation of the mustache of the brethren. The full beard has been the rule, the mustache the exception. It is now ordered that the Dunker brethren who want to cultivate hair on their upper lips may do so, provided it is not sufficient in amount to interfere with the giving of the "holy kiss."

—New York Sun.

fire and the light and the girls is?" asked the wretched being, and when they nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung himself down before them. But he was so weak he staggered, and they were obliged to help him down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mrs. Hodgdon shaking with excitement and consternation, placed food upon the table from which he snatched it, without any pretence of eating from a plate, devouring it like a half-famished animal. When he had finished himself he would have lain down on the floor and gone to sleep, but that the unaccustomed plenty sickened him, and he began to groan and roll about. In a short time, the sheriff, who had been sent for, arrived, and he was taken away. No one believed that the poor, underwitted, half-dying creature was a fit subject for punishment, but the county jail was a place of safety, and he remained until consigned to the almshouse. No reliable account of his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in its desertion, and existed miserably there a great while before discovered. He had prowled about at night searching for food, of which he found a scanty supply, stealing from corn bins, pigs and poultry, and robbing hen roosts, eating the flesh of the fowls raw. It was the occasional discovery of his miserable figure which had called into existence the story of the place being haunted by his ghost. But so reduced had he become he would probably have died in his lair but for Dr. Leighton's discovery of him.

Dr. Leighton kindly saved Cara from witnessing so much misery. She never saw Simon Leland. Her nerves had already borne much, and that she had been willing still to suffer in secret for the sake of preserving a good home for her young brothers was a fact which became known and endeared her to many hearts. Her friends multiplied, and when she accepted as a life companion, Dr. Leighton, the oldest friend of all, hearty kindness surrounded her, and warm wishes for her happiness danced merrily at the wedding.—Yankee Blade.

## SKATING ON SNOW IN NORWAY.

Delightful and Exhilarating Pastime Enjoyed by the Fair Norse Girls.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following account of a delightful sport which the inhabitants of Norway enjoy during the month of March, usually so sloppy and disagreeable here: "There is plenty of snow in Norway. There always has been, and this winter it seems as if the snow is lingering around only to please the young ladies, who are bound to have some fun out of it. You can see them now in their most convenient and becoming dark dresses made for the occasion, marching bravely up hill on their large wooden skates (ski) or gracefully sliding like fair visions down steep hills and sometimes disappearing in the deep snow, presently to emerge again, as if by magic, from the snow. The wooden skates are peculiar to Norway. They are about two yards long, ending in front in a curved point. The middle is provided with a strong leather strap, closely fitting the foot, and the whole skate is just wide enough for the foot to rest upon.

Struggling to the top of the hills on these skates is a very difficult matter, and would prove almost too much for the little feet were it not for the assistance which their escorts are only too glad to render. It is exceedingly fascinating to see hundreds and hundreds of young men and girls on these long skates among the dark and mighty fir and pine trees, or sliding down from the top of hills, singing and laughing so that the cold, transparent air is ringing with joy. And then after some happy hours spent away from the city, marching home, swinging their burning torches, which twinkle and sparkle against the clear blue sky, when the moon now and then peeps down among the tree tops, looking pale beside the dark and light of the torches. The solemn pine forest around them lightens up as they pass, while the pure white snow sparkles like diamonds, and turns into a ruddy hue from the sparks that shower down like a rain of fire.

In spite of the fact that the temperature is just above zero, I am sure all these young Norwegian girls, if they had the slightest acquaintance with American slang, would exclaim when coming home on one of these evenings: "It was just too lovely for anything," but as they do not use slang in Norway, they would simply say: "Nothing is like a Norwegian winter."

Just as he spoke, there, sure enough, stood a little chap with a knife in his hand. True turned, and would have struck him had he not seen that the child was lame. As it was, he said crossly: "Be off with you, and let my fish alone!"

"I don't want your fish," was the reply, in a quiet, hurt voice. "I only want to give you a knife you dropped this morning, and to tell you I used it." "What business had you to do that?" began True; but his tone suddenly changed. "I beg your pardon," said he. How did you know the knife was mine?" And he rambled his pockets for a penny, which, not finding, he threw forth instead a lump of putty. "Here," said he, "Don't you want this?"

"No," said Perry; but his eyes seemed to contradict his word.

"Yes, you do," said True, now good-naturedly; "and I am much obliged to you. The knife is new, and I have lost about a dozen in a year. What did you do with it?"

"I made some boats. I'll give you one for the putty, for I believe I can use that."

"Certainly you can. Come on, boys, let's go to see the little chap's boats. I don't believe they are good for anything, but it may please him," he added in an undertone, conscious that he had been too hasty and cross in his first suspicion.

Perry led the way to the house, followed by the three others; and when they saw this day's work they were both astonished and ashamed.

"To think that a little lame chap could do all this while we were lazily about!" whispered Ned. And "You don't mean to say you can carve like that?" said Will, as he took up something that looked like a puzzle of balls one within the other.

"I can't do much," said Perry, modestly, "cause I haven't good tools; that's the reason I used your knife," turning to True. "I hope I haven't dulled it, and I'm sorry."

"You may keep it a week, a month. You may have it out and out," said the mischievous True.

"No, I won't," replied Perry, color- ing hotly.

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, no matter—only I'm

## The Invisible Guest.

"I don't believe one of those boys knows what it is to have a pain or an ache," sighed a pale little fellow, whose only practical legs were a pair of wooden crutches leaning against the window sill where he was lying. It was a warm day, and a party of happy school-fellows were on their way to the river for a row. There was Ned Johnson Will Fairfax and True Stevens; and so full of nonsense and fun were they that none of them noticed the wistful gaze of poor little Perry Evans as he followed them with his brown eyes only, while they went laughing down the lane.

Besides being lame, Perry was lonely; for he had no brothers and sisters, and his mother had to go out to work. So he found the Summer days long and wearisome. Fortunately he had some talent for making little boats and trifles, which was an occupation, but often he was not well enough to work; and to-day he was mourning the loss of his only tool of importance, an old knife, which had been so often sharpened that it had at last snapped in two.

Perhaps this was why his eyes were so quick to detect something shining in the road—something that True Stevens had pulled out of his pocket with his handkerchief, as he went laughing along in his careless fashion, and had left it lying there, to be crunched by the first cart-wheel that passed.

Perry reached for his crutches, and bobbed out to where this shining object lay; and his heart gave a bound of delight as he picked up a brand new knife with big and little blades.

"What a beauty!" he said to himself as he turned it over and over, and forthwith drew from it a pocket piece of wood, at which he had been ineffectually hacking. The knife cut the pine wood as if it had been cheese, and in less than no time Perry had the bulk of a small schooner on the bench beside him.

The morning was gone before he knew it, and the bench was full of chips, while a fleet of little boats stood in line arrayed on the window-sill by the time Perry remembered that his dinner must be eaten.

He thought he was alone as he uncovered the plate of cold meat and bread which his mother had left for him, and so would any one else have thought had that person looked in the neat and tidy place which was parlor, bedroom and kitchen



# The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888.

The united labor party, which nominated Streeter and Cunningham on the presidential ticket at Cincinnati, held their state convention at Detroit, yesterday, strongly rejected all overtures to fuse with the democrats, and nominated an independent ticket—

For Governor—William Mills of Sanilac.  
Lieut. Governor—Paul Martin of Midland.  
Sec'y of State—Geo. McAllister of Allegan.  
Auditor Gen.—Abel N. Howe of Jackson.  
Atty Gen.—John O. Zabel of Monroe.  
State Supt.—Mrs. S. E. V. Emory of Lansing.  
Board of Education—John Ralston of Detroit.  
Land Office—Merrill W. Scott of Newaygo.  
Electors at Large—Ben Colvin of Saginaw and Valentine A. Sapi of Marquette City; 2d district, Chas. Southerland of Adrian.

The democrats had two set-backs, yesterday. In addition to their failure to capture the united labor convention in Detroit, they miserably failed in a carefully arranged scheme to capture the American national convention at Washington and secure its endorsement of Harrison, in hope of prejudicing the Irish vote.

Texas Mills is coming to Detroit, and may make a speech to show the Michigan farmers why the tariff on wool should be abolished, as he proposes in his famous bill. Geo. William Curtis says in Harper's Weekly that it is to help the manufacturers drive out foreign competition.

The Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph has been sold to Edward N. Dingley, son of Congressman Dingley of Maine, for \$3000. The new publisher is a graduate of Yale, and an ardent republican.

## He That Maketh a Lie.

George William Curtis in Harper's. The condition of the republican party is illustrated by the fact that at the convention it declared absolutely that the existing protective system must be maintained unchanged, that whisky and tobacco should be free from taxation rather than that the tariff on a single protected article should be touched, and that five weeks after the convention that declaration so plainly threatens defeat that the Senate proposes to try to save the election by abandoning the platform.

## The Land by the Peaceful Sea.

ON BOARD STEAMER "SANTA ROSA," Aug. 4, 1888.  
After spending a good part of the summer in Southern California at the beautiful city of Pasadena, (the crown of the valley,) I gather my little effects into my grips, ready to say good bye to these scenes. I look at the two beautiful houses just completed, which are much admired, and pronounced by many the most beautiful in California for the money they cost; I go out into my peach orchard to eat just a few more peaches, a place where I have had many a feast during the last six weeks; I look at the grounds in front of the houses now being laid out in a lawn where the pepper, the fir and palm trees mingled with rose and many other flowering bushes are to be. I think of the great amount of fruit I have enjoyed during my stay, of the pleasant church relations, and the acquaintances formed; I think of the almost everlasting sunshine, and of the cool nights, such as I never enjoyed before at this season; I gather all the memories and sights of the past into a bundle, and with hat on my head and grips in my hand, I say good bye, I am now going to the "girl I left behind me."

Arrived at San Pedro at 11 a. m., ready to be transferred in smaller vessels out to sea three miles, where our vessel was lying at anchor in waiting, having arrived from San Diego on the way to San Francisco. This is a beautiful vessel 340 feet long and 3000 tons capacity, built in 1883 by John Roach & Son of New York and Chester, Pa., and cost about a half million of dollars. We left with more than 400 passengers on board, and the only show or promise I had for a room was a bed on the floor, and thirty-six hours' ride ahead of me, but as luck would have it, I secured a berth. It is said "misery likes company." Well, I had plenty of company.

If any of our folks at home have an idea that the boom has gone, and wiped out pretty much all of value on this coast, they are greatly mistaken. To illustrate, we arrived this morning, Aug. 5, at 5 a. m. at Port Harford, when was loaded on our vessel, train load after train load of barley, wheat, potatoes, beans and butter, and the Captain said they had enough to last four vessels with just such loads till the first of January next. Two weeks ago yesterday and to-day I spent with Mr. D. A. Scott at Ontario, and formerly of Ypsilanti. He owns a farm of 1100 acres near Beaumont, situated 3000 feet above the sea. He had 1200 acres of barley, cut two hundred tons when green for hay, and has 1400 sacks of 110 pounds each of very fine grain. Last year he sold for \$1.15 per sack. So much for the soil, and there is worlds of it. As to buildings, in the city of Pasadena, located only eight miles from Los Angeles, there are now buildings in process of construction to cost \$600,000, and that does not take in any to cost less than \$3000. Several other large blocks are talked of as certain to be built this season.

At Los Angeles there are \$12,000,000 worth of buildings in process of erection, and such immense blocks would do honor even to New York or Chicago. This is a wonderful city, has 80,000 population, and has increased ten times in seven years. Los Angeles county, seven years ago, had an assessed valuation of \$17,000,000, to-day has \$107,000,000.

As to churches, they are simply marvelous. I will mention one, the M. E. Church of Pasadena. One year and nine months ago it had 141 members and to-day, 740. They built a fine church, and when my wife and I were there last January, it was not completed. Long before it was done they found it was too small, and the first of April last, they commenced to build a Tabernacle at a cost of \$10,000, which will seat two thousand people. The growth of the Presbyterian church is even more marvelous in many ways. But I must close this already too long letter. Shall stop a short time in San Francisco, and reach home at an early day.

A. WILLIAMS.

## Neighborhood.

### WILLIS.

Joseph Breining's oats yielded 61 bushels to the acre, his wheat 28. Wm. Ward's wheat 21, G. Russell's 22.

Death has again entered the home of Deacon Lamb and removed from the embrace of loved ones, their son Webster. He was a longman of promise, kind and affectionate to his aged parents, and sister and brother.

Willis Potter's family had the pleasure of eating ripe peaches picked by them on the 9th. Who can beat it?

Willis Potter, Mr. Bryan, Mrs. Slocum, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Potter visited S. P. Ballard, Sunday.

To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Brien a daughter is born.

August Tompkins is on the sick list.

Wm. T. Russell and wife visited at Wm. Day's, last week.

### LODI.

Henry Burns shipped from Saline on Monday morning, in charge of Seneca Litchard, three hundred rams for the Texas trade.

A. A. Wood attended the meeting of the ex. board of the M. S. B. Association held at Lansing last Thursday. This meeting was called for the purpose of attending to business connected with the publication of the 2d volume of the Michigan Register. The job was let to the Kalamazoo firm who published the first volume.

Farmers are busy threshing out their grain, and are agreeably surprised to find it yielding well, especially oats and barley.

Charles Klager of this town while driving from Ann Arbor Saturday evening was run into by a young German who was not a prohibitionist, and Klager's horse was killed, falling down dead without moving from the spot, his breast being pierced by the thill of the other man's buggy.

### STONY CREEK.

Mr. Lowery and wife are spending a few weeks visiting friends in Canada.

Mr. Davis spent several days at the campmeeting near Belleville.

Mr. Campbell occupied the pulpit at the Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning.

Rev. R. Gage, a former pastor at this place, occupied the pulpit in the M. E. church Sabbath morning.

Rev. M. McMahon and wife, Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Wortley, spent Friday and Saturday at campmeeting.

Mrs. Culver has a nice visiting her.

The Misses Minzey are entertaining friends this week.

Mr. Babbitt's little daughter from Ypsilanti is spending a few weeks at T. L. Buck's.

Mr. Will Russell and family of Elliott, Cal., visited his aunt, Mrs. C. Pearson, last Friday.

Mrs. E. Harvey spent last week with her son, Z. Buck, at Ypsilanti.

The young peoples' meeting Sabbath afternoon was led by Miss Campbell from near Ann Arbor.

Mr. W. Barr is putting an addition on his tenant house.

Mr. W. Lowden is adding very much to the looks of his house by building on to the upright.

### Local Excursions for August.

Base Ball Games at Detroit August 23rd, Detroit vs. Chicago; August 27th, Detroit vs. Indianapolis. One fare for round trip with 50 cents added for admission to games.

Grand International Regatta at Mackinaw Island, Aug. 14, 15, 16. Tickets will be sold Aug. 12 to 15, good to return until August 20 inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, O. Tickets will be sold on Thursday of each week until October 27th, good going on date of sale and returning within five days, at one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Colored Knights Templars at Kalamazoo August 20 and 21. One and one-third fare for round trip.

### Five Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., will sell on Tuesdays, August 21st, Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th and 23d, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of train, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your Ticket Agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

### Art Exhibition in September.

The new building of the Detroit Museum of Art will be opened to the public on the first of September, with a loan exhibition of art works of superior merit, consisting of the famous Seney collection from New York city and other paintings of the highest grade. The gallery will be open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., daily, until November 15. The price of admittance will be a fifty cent silver piece on Mondays, and a twenty-five cent piece on all other days. A coin will be accepted the same as in the old Art Loan, in place of the orthodox ticket, in order to save the making of change and avoid delay at the door. Excursions will be run over all roads centering at Detroit at greatly reduced rates, the tickets to include a coupon of admission to the Art Gallery. Those who wish to go to Detroit on these excursions should indicate it at once to the ticket agent at the depot.

Don't Give Up because you feel blue and are troubled with tired and all-gone feeling. Do as I did, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters, it will make you feel like a new person; it did me. JENNIE HOLMES, 354 Tremont street, Boston.

During the season just closed 107,000 pounds of wool were shipped from Coldwater.

Mrs. Zoa Babcock, a well-known lady of Pentwater, was drowned while bathing in Silver Lake a few days ago.

Harrison's election would fill us with hope for the future. If Cleveland and Thurman are elected the impurities must be chipped out. If Harrison and Morton, then there is no danger.—Ypsilanti Sentinel.

Eh?

### Important Announcement.

Mr. C. E. COOPER

who has purchased the famous

Stephenson Gallery!

and assumed control, is prepared to furnish first class work in Photo, Crayon or Pastel, at popular prices.

Cabinets \$3.50 Per Dozen!

Satisfaction guaranteed. Resittings free. 469\*

## How "Uncle Tom" Was Written.

Hartford furnished none of the inspiration for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe got that when she was living with her father on the banks of the Ohio, but the inspiration did not assert itself until years after, when she was living in Maine with her husband. Mrs. Stowe has said that the story of Tom's whipping and death was the first suggestion of the tale that she had, and that flashed itself upon her mind as she was sitting in church one Sunday. She went home, took her pen, and wrote this chapter. She read it to her children and some friends, and they shed the first of the many million tears that the reading of that chapter had caused to flow. So "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written backward, so to speak, for Mrs. Stowe built the story on that chapter, which is very near the end of the book. It was first published as a serial in The National Era, in Washington, and ran that rather obscure abolition publication up to a great circulation. It has since been translated into more than seventy different languages, and has a steady sale even to this time.

Either through ignorance or misfortune Mrs. Stowe profited far less than she should have done by the enormous sale of this book. She has received more for the copyright of some of her other books than she ever got for "Uncle Tom," and she has never received a cent of royalty for the dramatizations, some of which have been very profitable. She would have been poor had her income been limited to that received from the sale of "Uncle Tom." Her other books have sold well, and she is reputed to have accumulated something like \$100,000 from her works. A shrewd book publisher of Hartford told the writer that if Mrs. Stowe's rights in "Uncle Tom" had been properly protected she would have realized at least half a million dollars from that work.—New York Sun.

## A Town in the Tyrol.

The people are pious; they are very fond of outward shows and ceremonies, and the men religiously observe the fast days, of which there are about two a week. On these days the women work harder than usual, while the men occupy themselves with playing cards and drinking wine. Very large quantities of wine are consumed by the peasants. Dr. Pircher is my authority for saying that many peasants who never drink a drop of water, and drink far too much wine, live to a good old age. They eat heartily and heavily; five meals a day are required to appease their appetites; at each meal smoked meat, maize and black bread are eaten. The bread is baked four times a year, so it is generally stale and satisfying. In speech the people are Germans, and they show no trace of the Italian blood and characteristics which are conspicuous in other parts of South Tyrol. It is probable, however, that the stock is very mixed, as the people of many nations have successively occupied this part of Europe.—London Correspondence.

## Drink at Meal Time.

Little drink should be allowed at meals to weaken the digestive fluids. These are the saliva, gastric juice and bile. Bile is not found in a healthy stomach; if it is ejected in vomiting, it shows that the action of the stomach is inverted. Knowledge of this would save many from swallowing emetics and cathartics to rid the stomach of bile.

Copious draughts of water should be taken between meals to furnish the stomach material necessary for the digestive fluids. Water drinking after meals before meals should constitute a habit from infancy to old age. Its quantity must be regulated by the condition of each person. Lean people usually drink very little and are large eaters, while fat persons are apt to eat little and drink much. If the order be changed, it will, in most cases, make the lean grow fat, and the fat people will have the comfort of seeing their own shadows grow less.—Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D., in Demorest's.

There is but one way to give: to share as children of the same Father that portion of the riches of the world and trust it to one care. Nothing else is true giving; it is merely tossing a bone to a dog.

## Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, AUG. 16, 1888.	
Wheat.....	80 1/2 @ 83
Corn, ears.....	25 1/2 @ 30
shelled.....	50
Oats.....	22 1/2 @ 33
Rye.....	45
Barley, 3/4 cwt.....	1 00 @ 1 40
Backwheat.....	50
Hay.....	8 00 @ 10 00
Beans.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Potatoes.....	30 @ 40
Turnips.....	20
Onions.....	85
Parasnis.....	45 @ 60
Cabbage, 1/2 head.....	5 @ 8
Butter.....	13 @ 13
Eggs.....	10
Wool, washed.....	30 @ 23
unwashed.....	13 @ 16

## REPUBLICAN RALLY

Wednesday Evening, Aug. 22nd,

—AT THE RINK,—

ANN ARBOR,

Hon. Frank Plumley!

OF VERMONT,

Will discuss the Issues of the Day.

Let Washtenaw County turn out and hear one of the ablest and most entertaining speakers on the stump.

BLOW 'EM UP.

Hereules Powder

—FOR—

Blasting Stumps and Boulders

—AT—

W. H. JUDD'S GUN STORE,

WASHINGTON STREET.

IT IS SAFE, AND EASY TO HANDLE.

FOR SALE!

I will sell my Garden one-half mile south of Ypsilanti. Forty-two acres in the highest state of cultivation. A rare chance for one wanting a garden or small farm.

L. E. CHILDS.

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, \$100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

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NOW

Is a very desirable time to enter the

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Circulars on application.

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WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

The Balance of our Stock of

SUMMER GOODS

Will be closed out at

Fifty Cents on the Dollar

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

A FULL LINE OF LAWN FURNITURE

CHAIRS

and

SETTEES,

STONE

RINGS, Etc.

VASES

with

PATENT

Reservoir

Attachment.



LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX,

Fine Granite and Marble

MONUMENTS AND TABLETS

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

We are now prepared to make prices that defy competition. We have no traveling agents. We found by experience they were expensive attachments, and have concluded to give our customers the discounts saved by this change. If you will come to the works we will convince you of this fact.

No establishment in this section can compete with us, for we have more stock finished ready for engraving than any three concerns in the state. You will readily see why we can undersell them.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

Harris Bros. & Co.

Next week we will have a new stock of Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, etc., etc.

Tycoon Tea House

JOHN P. TERNS,

Will sell to the public Gasoline at the old price of 60 cents per five gallon can. As the old saying is, "Five cents saved is five cents earned," earn five cents by buying your Gasoline at the

Fifth Ward Grocery,

No. 44 East Congress St.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,

Barn Hanger and Track,

Trimnings of any kind,

Cook Stove,

Heating Stove,

Gasoline Stove,

or Oil Stove,

Table or Pocket Cutlery,

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or Carpet Sweeper,

Granite Ware, Tinware,

Shovels, Forks, Spades,

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You will find a good assortment at the

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Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

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Is the place to sell

Oats, Rye, Beans,

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